Paris ſhould nere retract, what he hath done,
Nor faint in the purſuite,
Pria. Paris you ſpeake
Like one be-ſotted on your ſweet delights,
You haue the hony ſtill, but theſe the gall,
So to be valiant, is no praiſe at all.
Par. Sir, I propoſe not meerly to my ſelfe,
The pleaſures ſuch a beautie brings with it,
But I would haue the ſoile of her faire rape,
Wip't of in honorable keeping her,
What treaſon were it to the ranſackt queene,
Diſgrace to your great worths, and ſhame to me,
Now to deliuer her poſſeſſion vp
On tearmes of baſe compulſion? can it be,
That ſo degenerate a ſtraine as this,
Should once ſet footing in your generous boſomes?
There's not the meaneſt ſpirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or ſword to drawe,
When *Helen* is defended: nor none ſo noble,
Whoſe life were ill beſtowd, or death vnfam'd,
Where *Helen* is the ſubiect. Then I ſay,
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The worlds large ſpaces cannot paralell.
Helt. Paris and *Troylus*, you haue both ſaid well,
And on the cauſe and queſtion now in hand,
Haue glozd, but ſuperficially, not much
Vnlike young men, whom *Ariſtotle* thought
Vnfit to heere *Morrall Philoſophie*;
The reaſons you alleadge, do more conduce
To the hot paſſion of diſtempred blood,
Then to make vp a free determination
Twixt right and wrong: for pleaſure and reuenge,
Haue eares more deafe then Adders to the voyce
Of any true deciſion. Nature craues
All dues be rendred to their owners. Now
What neerer debt in all humanitie,
Then wife is to the husband? if this lawe
Of nature be corrupted through affection

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Troilus and Cressida* (STC 22331) LONDON, 1609 THE BRI